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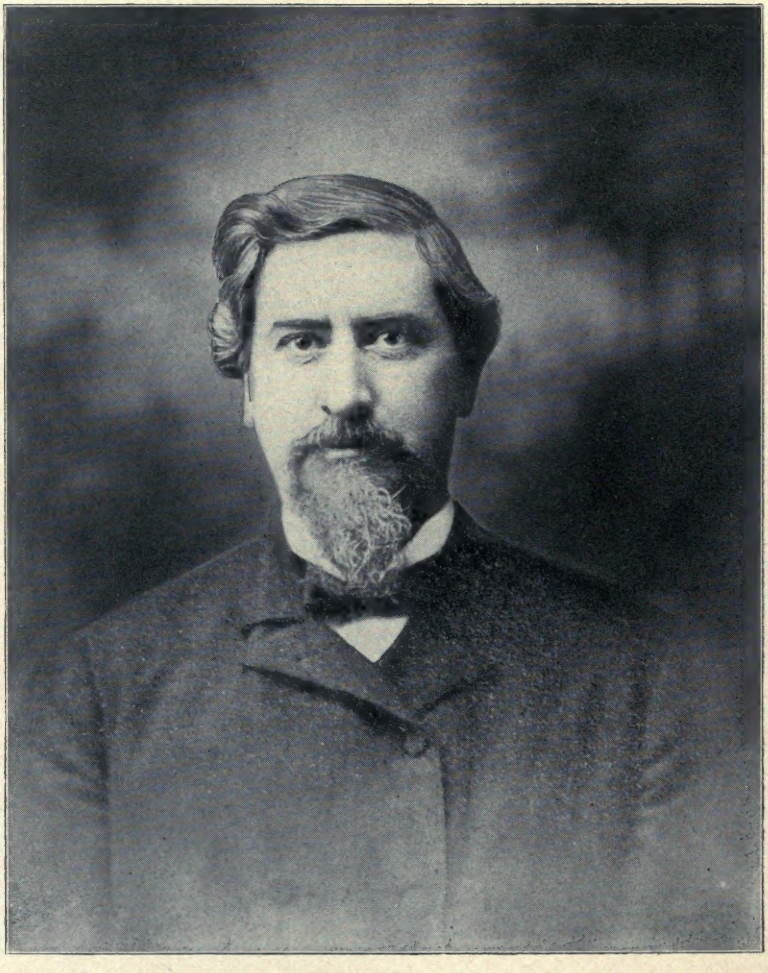
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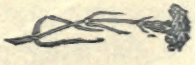
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN THOMAS

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Education in Art

The following address was delivered, in May of this year, by the editor of the Quarterly, before the Women's Club of the University. The invitation and the occasion were both an honor and a pleasure, but it is sad to have to say that the pleasure was not unmixed. For although the speaker is supposed to be a professor of English, he had the mortification to find himself, by some of his hearers, at least, and by others to whom his words came in the form of portentous rumor, completely misunderstood. The address is therefore printed just as it was spoken. This will no doubt explain, if not pardon, its colloquialism and the short-cuts of its references. The occasion was the last of a series, conducted by the Women's Club, concerned chiefly with painting and sculpture, and the address referred especially to the midwinter exhibition in Columbus of independent American painters, and to the address, at the time of that exhibition, by Mr. Robert Henri. For the freedom of his speech, to University people, about the University, the speaker makes no apology.



You remember that Mr. Henri told us plainly that we should not and ought not expect a general culture with regard to painting. The saying is not new, it was not even new when Whistler said it before him. It is perfectly true from a painter's point of view. There never was, and there never will be, no doubt, an artistic period in the sense that everybody will be artistic. Whistler, with a wholesome arrogance, told us to shut our silly mouths, and be respectfully silent before paintings. And so, in effect, did Mr. Henri. Well

then, we should no more object to this advice than we should object to somebody's hushing the talk of a box at the opera. It is undoubtedly hard for some people to keep still while the music is playing, but the most of us do not consider it an infringement of our personal rights.

But what do they mean, these painters, by telling us that it is no use for us to try? Let us see first if we cannot imagine their point of view.

A young painter, like our own George Bellows, begins to show individuality,—the personality that is involved in both what he sees and the skill with which he renders it. The other painters recognize this, and are interested, they talk about him. Into their studios comes the person whose quaint business it is to be a critic. This person does not paint, but is enamored of painting; he writes about it. Hearing George Bellows talked about, he forthwith writes about him, gathering up as he does the general talk of the studios. So we read printed articles about George Bellows. Thereupon certain rank outsiders read these articles, come to the exhibitions and hunt out George Bellows's pictures, and talk about them in the terms of the written notices. When the talk has become general enough, certain other rank outsiders, with money, buy some of the paintings as good investments. Behold then, our painter has a vogue. He becomes the fashion. He is a great man, and we all tumble over ourselves to get into the procession to do him honor.

I have told what seems to me the exact truth. It is the story not only of painters, but of all artists, of musicians, of poets, and novelists. Remember that it began with the artists themselves. Their recognition was surest and quickest. They find their phrases of yesterday repeated to them today, doubtless in strange forms; and they themselves have already attained to new phrases. And fashion is stupid enough; I think it does good, because paintings are bought, and painters are thereby enabled to pay their debts and live their lives; but it is a thoroughly stupid thing, fashion. One cannot blame the painters for their contempt of it. It is now the fashion to be interested in culture. We have heard much talk about frenzied finance, but there is room for talk about frenzied culture also. Here are we assembled, with serious faces, to talk about art, with a capital letter. I incline to the standpoint of the painters: we're absurd enough. We wish to be artistic, we have a dim longing to be inside, and we find ourselves outside; and we are told, with a righteous rudeness, that we're just pretending.

Yet it is true, in spite of our pretense, that we want something, and that want is no pretense. At the concert, once, a lady who would not stoop to pretense, not she, ridiculed her rapt companion, her companion, that is, who wished to be rapt, the little fool, who tried to be rapt; and the honest lady finally said to this poser,—"What's the use of you're pretending that you like Beethoven? You know you like That Barber Shop Chord much better. Why can't you be honest,—like me?" You see, she was pretending she was honest.

Think for a moment. You could not walk till you pretended you could walk. You could not be brave until you pretended you were brave. There was never a boy of all the boys on our track teams who took the hurdles until he imagined himself taking them. There was never a man who built a bridge or a state until he imagined himself doing it. We are all bluffers; life is like a grand poker game, yes; he who bluffs best wins. That's cynical? Not a bit of it. Life is the operation of making our bluffs good, of making our pretense real.

Are the painters themselves free of pretense? In their best work, yes; but I mean when they're talking about their work. They pretend that they had some great meaning or purpose whereas, in stark reality, they had only the desire to paint, the delight in trying to paint, what George Bellows calls the love of the game. They discover meanings in what they have done, and forthwith they say that this meaning is what they meant. They have a craftsman's facility, and forthwith they proclaim that it does not matter what you say, if only you say it well. They have not this skill, and forthwith they proclaim that it does not matter how you say it, so long as you have something to say. If you and I, coming suddenly upon their pictures without the preparation and development which they themselves experienced, find them queer, odd, strange, these same painters proclaim us as the beasts that perish.



Well, and so we are, unless we do of ourselves undertake that preparatory experience, unless we learn as they had to learn. A painting is like a new place or a new friend, you can't know it all at once. That's pretty much what the rest of life is for. A painting is, maybe, most like a new house. You have to hang memory on the

walls, you have to carpet the floors with habit, and years have to come in and out the doors, before it is really your home. It is therefore inevitable that upon this raw and crude first introduction we shall make certain mistakes in judgment. We see paintings two or three times a year; how can we know them? There are people who set value on their first impressions; always interesting, often strikingly near the truth, it is incredible that these first impressions should be permanent or permanently true. I have never had a friend that I did not mistake at first meeting; I have to learn him by years of friendship. Apply this to paintings; and remember that the painters themselves live among paintings, and know them well; we are admitted to rare receptions, we make egregious blunders, and they scorn us. I see nothing abnormal in this. And we are slower in their way than the painters are. In our own way I see no reason why we should not be swifter than they. Oh, our own way, what on earth is that? Are we, by any interpretation artists too? We can be artists in life, artists in living, why not? A painter comes to prefer such a rearrangement of the seen facts of life, such a selection and organization, as will be intelligible, illuminating, harmonious, expressing the laws that underlie the apparent confusions of life; that's his endeavor, that's his success, in the pursuit of his craft. Why is it not also our endeavor, our success, in the pursuit of our own crafts? A painter, brooding upon his own work, begins to fear that he is repeating himself, that he is not developing; he's painting the same landscape, he must try figures; he's painting the same style of portrait, he must try landscapes. You and I, considering our place in life, as we inevitably do if we think at all, begin similarly to fear that we are marking time, that we are not (as we call it) advancing, getting anywhere; we're at home too much, we'll go abroad more among our friends; or we're going too much, we must stay more at home. It's the same process: he expresses it in paint, we must express it in conduct.

But the painters, you say, are so much more fortunate than we are; they see things beautiful; even when we, ourselves, coming to their paintings, do not immediately find this beauty, it is always evident to us that **they** found beauty, that they painted with delight in what they saw, and delight in the expressing of it: they loved their work. And this, indeed, does seem to me a final test. Do we love our own work, do we love our own lives? If we do, we are artists indeed. The power to do this, to see that every day may be seen to be beautiful, is no less intermittent and struggling with the painters

than it is with us. When you see your guest perched on your davenport in her own so characteristic way, sitting on her feet and with one arm out, and when you suddenly and consciously recognise it again, with amusement and affection, you are a painter, and that is your painting. When you hear the first robin, or the first thunder of the year, or when, some quiet afternoon, you are arrested suddenly to hear the voices of your children at play outdoors, so that you are curiously moved, and find yourself saying—Are they mine indeed? —then you are a musician, and these are your music. When you stand at the grave of your dead friend, laying upon the turf your petty memorial flowers, and begin to imagine the meaning of your loss, and to wonder if your grief is not after all too much for yourself, you are a poet, and that is your poetry.

I do not wish in any way to lessen the greatness of the gift of art to us; but I do wish devoutly that I could make you see that there is no profound difference between us and them, no gulf not to be crossed by taking thought. Many of you, no doubt, believe that there must be some secret and jealously guarded initiation that puts some people inside the magic circle, and leaves us out, on the waiting list! That's a quaint Calvinism. I'm damned and you're saved; I'm saved and you're damned; there's the end of it. I have never learned to dance, and you have; there's the end of it. Remember the admirable Irishman who answered, when he was asked if he could play the fiddle, "I don't know, for I never tried." But, you say, there are certain people who can never learn to dance; we have seen them, two-stepping through waltzes; but these same people can do certain other things well that you and I cannot. Life is larger than any one of its arts. One cannot learn equally all things, but one can learn. I find constantly, in my work in the University, that one cannot really teach anything; but, on the other hand, one can learn almost anything. And therefore I say fearlessly that the remedy is education; not a formal program ending with speeches, but that constant process that is going on in us constantly from day to day.

Do not mistake me: paintings are not a function of education. They are not painted for any such purpose. It is much nearer the truth to say that education is a function of painting. Mr. Henri was entirely right when he said that the paintings in the recent exhibition were not painted to please us. It would be far more nearly correct to say that the question is, do we please these paintings? You will

all have noticed, spiritually as well as physically, that the paintings will not come to you, that you have to go to them. Remember that art is not for boys and girls, but for men and women who can understand it. Caesar did not write for High School students in Latin. And the most foolish praise I ever heard bestowed upon Scott was that a young lady—oh, a young lady,—could read every word of his writing without a blush. You remember the recent comedy publicly enacted in Columbus, of the nudes that were excluded from the public exhibition as immoral; they were reserved for private and privileged debauches. The flesh is neither lewd nor base except as lewd or base thinking makes it so. Our education must conform to the nude, rather than the nude to our education; what we brought into the world and what we take out of it, the sheer veracious human, nothing in the world is more true and beautiful than the nude. The only really immodest people in the world are the prudes. But, once more, do not mistake; paintings are not for the purpose of teaching us this. Learning this is our own affair.

Well, we're trying to learn, aren't we? Here we are, discussing art; all of us, really members of a University. Let us consider that for a moment.

The function of a university is not to teach the means of life only, but life itself; not only how to make a living, but how to live. Our aim is to educate for service; but one cannot give good service unless one is a good servant. Doubtless it may appear that a machine is the best of servants; the printing-press, for example; but it cannot be rated as a good servant on the basis of the Sunday newspapers. A good machine is a fine thing, and necessary for much of the work of the world, but it does not operate itself. If the University sends out good machines, we must employ men to run these machines. These are the real servants. Therefore our chief concern must be with men, with men and women. This implies my first statement. We must teach men and women not only how to make a living, but how to live.

It's an odd phrase, isn't it?—"how to live." It seems to imply certain strange things; such as that one may make an excellent living, and yet not know how to live. Can such a thing be taught, can such a thing be learned? Does anyone know how to live? The only answer is that many living people are constantly learning how

to live. There's a course to elect. One has the whole world for a laboratory, yes. What are the textbooks? Sonnets and sonatas, poems and paintings, yes, to name only a few of the most obvious. If we cannot get these in our University, it is no University at all.

Consider yet for a moment more, what and of what kind is the influence of our own University. I mean here and now, in Columbus, in Ohio, if you don't think it presumptuous. It's supposed, you know, to be our business. We are known enemies of ignorance, bigotry, cowardice, dishonesty; we stand for the open mind. If that is true of us, as I think it is, it is no small thing. But if we do not also "stand for," as we call it, stand equally for the open heart, or what we innocently call the heart, we are ludicrously incomplete. What is the influence of the University in this its home city? Considerable, I think, in science and the scientific crafts; the city makes more and more use of us, and the State is beginning to make use of us, in these matters. In the arts, what? Comparatively nothing. Say it fearlessly, for we want to know: nothing. The city does not look to us, nor does the State, for counsel or assistance or encouragement in matters musical or literary or artistic. The very statement of such a thing may seem funny to you. One cares little for names; the word art, even with a capital A, is not what I'm talking about, but what the tired and misused word represents. Art is no luxury, no mere accomplishment, as certain people think. If anything I have said is true, this is yet more so, that art is a bitter necessity, and that in mere self-preservation the State must make all possible provision for it. I can hear my friends the politicians and business men uttering a large laughter over such a statement. But the thing is plain fact. What has lasted of Greece? A few plays and poems, a few broken marbles and Parthenons. Are we not a greater nation than poor old Spain? Not till we have given the world proof of our service in artists like Cervantes and Velasquez. And Ohio?

> Great captains with their guns and drums
> Disturb our judgment for an hour;
> But at last silence comes.....

And then what of Ohio?

Remember what I have been trying to say: education is not the cause of which art is the effect. Neither is it the cause of which science is the effect. All the objections to education in art apply

equally well to education in anything. And it is the very folly of barbarism for us to neglect doing whatever we can toward the development of our own art. To say that we must let our art come in its own way, that it will be neither native nor robust if it does not grow out of the battle of circumstance, does not lessen our responsibility. The same thing may be said of our engineering: no training will make an engineer. Training does not make men, but it is necessary that men shall be trained. Education in art does not make artists, but it is necessary that artists shall be educated. If they must, at the last analysis, get this education for themselves, so no less must engineers. The economy of all education is against the waste of all ignorance. The plays of Menander were lost. That crime is not to be forgiven. At the present day I see no force in literature, outside the universities, that can keep America from the waste and loss of many years; the commercialism of the day has given us a very disease of magazines and vaudevilles; but in the universities there are many men who do not run after mad fashion. Harvard is still our greatest university chiefly by virtue of her poets and playwrights and novelists. And the Ohio State University?

Some of you know that we might have had a gallery of paintings now standing on the Campus, with the fair beginning of a collection housed in it. We might be meeting there today. Let us never forgive ourselves for the crime of that lost chance until we do indeed have such a gallery. That much we should have now, and we should have no less our school of music. These things are immediately possible. We are barbarians indeed if we do not recognize the need of them. Why do I say these things to you? Because in your hands is much influence. What is it that I am saying? That we must have a college of fine arts.

A college of fine arts: oh, yes, of course, eventually, most of my colleagues would agree; but we can't now. I know the University's needs and problems; I see no chance within twenty years, or fifty, for any lightening of these burdens; and here I am saying that we should undertake yet more things to do. Shall we wait until all our present undertakings are done before we undertake the plain duty of beginning our college of medicine? But these present undertakings will never be done. Shall we wait until we have perfected our professional schools before we undertake education in art? But these professional schools will, happily, never be perfected, —happily, because a thing perfect is a thing done. A college of



THE SITE OF THE LIBRARY—A View of University Hall Now Lost



OLENTANGY RIVER—THE UNIVERSITY BRIDGE

fine arts:—oh, but, you say, we'll make so many melancholy mistakes. I do not seem to see that we have been afraid of mistakes in any other field of endeavor. A college of fine arts:—oh, but, you say, none of the universities have such colleges; no such colleges, at least, of proved worth and use; except maybe in music. But you can get music anywhere. "Think of it," said a contemporary lady, "Mrs. So-and-so gets five dollars an hour for lessons,—five dollars!—why, in Jackson you can get music lessons, nice music lessons, for twenty-five cents an hour." It is to our shame that Ohio boys and girls must go to Oberlin and Wesleyan for training in music. I confess that I am jealous of those excellent schools; not because they are excellent, not because we wish the name and fame of it, but because we, the State University, must continue to expose our crude poverty, and because in this field we are not in and of the fight against stupidity and prejudice. That the State should educate its sons and daughters in music does not seem to me open to argument.

But I am not willing to admit that this is true of music only. It is stupid to hold by precedent alone. Yet even so, even at the worst, there is good precedent for it. One needs only look abroad. In America, Pennsylvania and Harvard and Columbia are constantly acquiring certain pictures and sculptures, certain antiques and stained glass and Japanese prints, certain towers and colonnades and gardens, not to be overlooked even in those great cities of great collections. And think of our chance here, an open field. We live in a city of no collections, in a State whose collections are faint and few. It is another lasting shame of ours that one must go to Wisconsin for the best collection of books and pamphlets in the history of Ohio; shame not that they did it, this collecting, but that we did not do it. If we wait long enough, Columbus will have its gallery of paintings. The University may even be graciously pleased to allow it room on the Campus. In the meantime, where is the State school of music? Oh, we haven't any. We even strut a little about it: we're too busy, you know. They have good music down town, and now and then an exhibition of paintings. The women run them. If you want that sort of thing, go and join a women's club.

Thus then the wheel of our discourse this afternoon has come full circle, hasn't it? I began with the uselessness of education in art, and I have come round to it again. And in the meantime, once more, it is my whole belief that such a statement is a very lazy lie.

J. R. T., '87

The Mortar-Boards of '93

If the curious reader will go to the University Library and look up the issue of The Lantern for April fourteenth, 1892, he will find, at the top of one page, the figure of a dejected donkey, wearing a mortar-board cap, and a kind of blanket bearing on the side the numerals '93; and if he turns to the column headed "Local and Personal," there will meet his eye a number of cryptic sentences, the significance of which I propose, at the request of the Editor, to unfold. They are terse and direct—thus: "Hoss on 'em!" "Did you see '93's debut?" "The new mortar-boards of the Juniors are **out of sight,**" "The next thing should be the election of the night watchman and the fireman as members of '92. Their services deserve recognition." And this is the only record left, dear reader, of a class conflict which tore asunder families and parted friends, which broke up recitations in rough-and-tumble fights, which developed almost fatal hair-pullings in the sacred precincts of the Gab-room, which spread down into the city with search-warrants and threatened arrests, and which ended only when the President and the Faculty announced a determined plan for the expulsion of persistent combatants. Ah me! "Them wuz the happy days!"

The lapse of nearly twenty years has dimmed for the writer his recollection of many of the incidents, but has left alive and glowing the feeling which he, as an active participant in the events, experienced at the time, and which rises in him again, provoking the old lust for slaughter, as he runs over in his mind that sad story in the history of '93. This was all long before we had established the wearing of caps and gowns at Commencement time, but the suggestion had come our way, and after prolonged debate, the senior class, '92, had decided to don the academic costume on the first day of May, and to wear it during that month and on into Commencement week. The old files of The Lantern would reveal another point, that the Juniors of that year were a very active and enthusiastic body, very much alive socially, and, as any one of them would have admitted, prolific in original and characteristic ideas. We, too, had thought of the wearing of some insignia of our scholarly condition and character, but we had gone no further than the plan to get the mortar-boards only, without the gowns; and when we learned of the scheme of the Seniors, it seemed to us like a theft of our thunder, something not to be endured. Straightway, in secret session, we deter-

mined to outwit the Seniors, and to appear in chapel, wearing our head-gear triumphantly, on the last Monday morning in April. We felt that we had a perfect right to do so, as the mortar-board idea had originated with us in the first place.

Well, Louise Merrill, I think it was, and I were appointed a committee to get samples and prices, and one night, after three or four caps had been ordered through a city furnisher, the members of the class gathered at Miss Merrill's home, on Twentieth street, and amid huge excitement, in which Cora Gale almost lost her mind, decided that the caps were most becoming, especially to the girls, and that every Junior should order one, and should pay $2.50 for it. It became my duty to collect the money. The caps were ordered, and in due season arrived, remaining for the time at the furnishing store, lest by some chance news of them should leak out to the Seniors, who, though they could discover nothing, began to be uncomfortably aware that something was in the air. Then, one balmy spring evening—and you must remember that in those days the campus was quite deserted after five o'clock, except for occasional hoodlums from the city,— one beautiful April Saturday evening, I say, Fred Patterson and I went down town, loaded the paste-board boxes on to the back end of a High Street horse-car, and about eight o'clock, stole, as well as we could steal under our load, up to the Main Building, following a now vanished walk which led west past where now stands Hayes and Chemical Halls, but where then were only sycamores and wild cherry trees.

We had planned to hide the caps in a closet in Horton Literary Hall, and we did so. But before we could enter the building, we had to get the night watchman to unlock the old front door. Now mark you—for here the trouble begins. As thrice bad luck would have it, there were that night two Senior Engineers working on some all-night laboratory stunt in the ancient Mechanical Building, still standing, unfortunately, just north of the Main Building. They were Percy Martin and Herb Johnston, and there may have been another. No sooner had the night watchman left Patterson and me, sworn to absolute secrecy, than he made a bee-line for the Lab, where his secret speedily oozed from him under the suspicious and shrewd questioning of the men of '92. You are logical enough to know what happened.

I slept badly that night; premonition of ill was upon me. Sunday I could scarcely stay away from Horton Hall. Monday—the day

when we had arranged, after meeting, for the distribution of the caps, to march into Chapel, I slipped stealthily up to the fourth floor, into Horton Hall, opened the closet door, and found—darkness there, and nothing more! Never shall I forget the hideous sinking sensation that centred itself in the pit of my stomach. I could have wept for rage—for of course I realized instantly what had happened. Down I went to the first floor. To every expectant Junior I met I whispered hoarsely, as I passed him, "They're gone!" The word spread like wild-fire. Fred Patterson, one of the best fellows on earth, who was by nature chocolate-brown, almost turned white. The girls were in despair. Charlie Hamilton thought it was funny. Bud Alexander and "Granny" Mathias raved to each other for hours. At chapel Seniors sat and grinned at us, open and unashamed.

But this story is getting too long. War was declared, and search was made, high and low; it became evident that the sixty or more caps had been taken from the campus, which struck us as unfair play. We learned that the mortar-boards were at the Martin home, down in the east end of the city. We had in our class a wild man named Rutan; and he, with some desperate comrades, got a police officer's badge, and went through Percy Martin's house;—the caps, in the meantime, had been taken to the barn. This search-act infuriated the Seniors to such a pitch that on the next night, they took our beloved property, which most of us had never seen, but which had to be paid for, none the less,—they heaped our caps—at two-fifty per—upon the campus, and danced ghoulishly round while the flames leaped up to an unavenging and silent heaven. BUT—before the caps were burned, four members of '92, Martin, Johnston, Irve Dungan, and—I think the fourth criminal was John Nieuvahner, since reformed and become a respected citizen of Jackson, Ohio, went downtown, and had themselves photographed in our caps, smiling sardonic triumph. Do you see now, dear reader, the meaning of "Hoss on 'em"?

The next day, some ill-advised seniors appeared in English and Economics classes with frayed black silk tassels dangling from their button-holes. Instantly there were fights before the eyes of astounded professors. In the Gab-room Juniors and Senior girls mixed it up valiantly: Therese Lentz, was an Amazon in upholding the honor of '93, and there were others whose names should be emblazoned perpetually. Studies were abandoned and anarchy reigned for days.

Then one afternoon Dr. Scott summoned the two classes to the Chapel, and spake winged words to us. Strife began to cease, and eventually peace dwelt among us.

And I spent the rest of the term trying to collect from each of half a hundred furious Juniors, two dollars and fifty cents for a beautiful mortar-board which he had never so much as seen!

W. L. GRAVES, '93.

The Three Races of Men

The recent conference of Indians which held its sessions in the Ohio Union was an event of national importance, and has been widely reported. It was a modern council of the representatives of some thirty tribes, from every part of the United States. It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss its present significance, but rather to catch and keep an echo of the past it represents. The following story is one of many; it was told to the writer by Mr. Michael D Wolfe, a Chippewa; and, so far as is known, it has never been printed before. The words are as nearly as possible the story-teller's own

"The earliest story told to the little Indian child is the story of the creation. When the papooses reach the story age, the old grandmother gathers them around the lodge fire, and tells them o the Great Spirit who made the little red boy, and made him just right.

"In the beginning there was only the Great Spirit, and the little Playfellows, whom he loved most dearly. They dwelt in a fair land among the flowers and trees and green hills, and the sun shone from the blue sky to make them happy and cheerful. At the edge of this land where they lived was a great desert. One day one of the little Playfellows wandered to the desert, and when he saw the ugly brown clay-land he became very sad, for he had thought the whole earth was fair. The Great Spirit, seeing how sad the little Playfellow had become, asked him what was the matter. When the little Playfellow

told him he was unhappy to see the ugly hard clay of the desert, the Great Siprit promised to make something out of the clay, something that should please the little Playfellow and make him glad again.

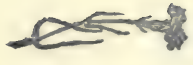
"Going out the next morning just at daylight, the Great Spirit took a handful of the clay, breathed upon it, and put it into an oven which he had built of bricks. He kindled a fire under this, and then went away until it should be done. He returned when the sun was half-way down the western sky. The little Playfellow followed him. The Great Spirit opened the oven, and a sharp cry of disappointment came from the lips of the little Playfellow. It was too much 'done.' The hair had burned black and crisp, the skin had scorched black, the nose had spread out too wide and the lips blown up too thick. This was a little black boy. But the little Playfellow was sadder than before, and the Great Spirit promised he would try again to-morrow.

"The next day the Great Spirit went out as the sun came over the hills. He took a second handful of clay, and put in into the oven, as he had done before, and left it to bake. This day he returned earlier. The sun was not yet halfway across the sky. But when they opened the oven the little Playfellow cried 'Ugh!' He was more disappointed than before. This time he saw a raw pale face, and hair of a half-cooked light brown, and funny blue eyes; and this new child was weak at first, and very much afraid of things. The Great Spirit loved these new little boys he had made, but to please the little Playfellow, whom he also loved much, he promised he would try once more.

"The third morning he went out, and picked up a handful of the finest clay of the desert. He pressed it and moulded it with great care, and took much time to do it. When he put it in the oven he did not go away, but watched; and just when the sun reached the top of the bright blue sky he took it from the oven. And then! The little Playfellow leaped and laughed for joy. He saw a child who would be a fit playmate. The child's hair was a rich shining black, his skin was a beautiful copper color, and his eyes were quick and bright. His senses were keen, and his heart was great. This was the first Indian boy.

"And then the Great Spirit, out of his great love for all his children, did his best for them all. He touched the naked desert of the ugly clay, and waters came over it all. And the black child and the white child were parted by these waters from each other, and from the beautiful red child. So the white man's home was across the sea. This country is now called Europe. And the black man's home was across another sea. His country is now called Africa. But the red man's home was here with the Great Spirit, here with all the wonderful things he had made for the joy of his red children. And this is America."

ADALENE HARDESTY, '12.



The Faculties

It is the sad pleasure of the Quarterly to publish, in this one number, the University's farewell to two of its members, two of longest service and widest fame. The old order changeth, yielding place to new. The faculty memorials to these two men are here printed without alteration. They should be reproduced in the beautiful illuminations, the antique brochures, of the copies which the University presents to the two families. By their very death these men have become more of us, more our own, forever a part of the University. But.... the old order changeth, yielding place to new.



Nathaniel Wright Lord

Nathaniel Wright Lord, born at Cincinnati, Ohio, December 26, 1854, sprang from a notable ancestry. His father was Henry Clark Lord, a man prominent in the business and political life of his time, and son of Nathan Lord, for many years President of Dartmouth College; his mother, Eliza Burnet Wright, a woman of rare vigor and ability.

Professor Lord's education was begun in the public schools of his native city, and their training, developed by a year of searching review under an exacting foreign tutor of rare gifts, was enlivened by frequent boyish forays into fields of natural history. Hence, the rigorous course in mining engineering taken 1872-76 at Columbia College School of Mines, caused him no difficulty. Next came a year of hardship in Central American mining, which nearly cost him his life. Upon his return and recovery the young engineer was appointed, November 6th, 1878, State Analyst at this University. On June 18th, 1879, the Department of Mining and Metallurgy was entrusted to him, and remained under his control until the end of his life.

Professor Lord's professional career was largely developed in the service of this institution. His earliest engineering experience as the chemist and technical director of a Gold Mining Company in Nicaragua, though it had been of great service in developing his power and self-confidence in the application of science to engineering, yet had given him little reputation. In the new position his ability and energy were soon recognized. He became in 1883 chemist of the Geological Survey of Ohio, contributing in addition to his chemical reports, valuable chapters on the iron industry and on the differentiation of the coal seams of the state by novel methods. His grasp of these subjects was so masterly that he became a national authority on fuels and fuel testing, and for the past eight years has been chief chemist or consulting expert of the Technologic Branch of the United States Geological Survey, now the Bureau of Mines.

Upon the College of Engineering, Professor Lord has left an enduring mark. As its first Dean, beginning in 1896, he carried it through its formative period, and left it with policies and ideals well crystallized. His sane and practical mind rejected instantly everything that savored of show or pretense. As in his engineering, so every educational plan must rest upon a solid foundation. His constant struggle was to ground his students thoroughly, well assured that upon such

a foundation they would erect a secure superstructure. His teaching was a constant appeal to the reason, and to the constructive imagination. To see him with a class attack a problem new to both was a rare experience.

Combined with his power and inspiration as a teacher, was his pre-eminent ability as an investigator. The training of the chemical laboratory, where everything must be accounted for, gave to his naturally incisive thinking processes, a precision and analytical power most unusual. No man could, with more unerring certainty, strip a complicated problem of its disguises and lay bare its fundamental principles. No field of science upon which he touched failed to profit in some enduring way from his ever active mind.

No man could associate with him in any capacity without admiring him; his large mind and generous spirit had no room for anything little or sordid. Creditable, useful, even brilliant, as many of his contributions to science and engineering have been, his influence on his students and on his colleagues is the signal proof of his greatness.

To the very last he was a man of diversified interests and continually entered upon new pursuits with characteristic enthusiasm.

Professor Lord was a man of marked intellectual vigor. His mind was no less judicial than analytical. He thought clearly and spoke with logical precision. In action he was prompt, decided and fearless. His moral convictions rested upon reason rather than upon authority or tradition.

With the reserve of a gentleman who permitted no undue familiarity, he yet remained essentially democratic, and no one felt humbled in his presence. Honesty was fearless before him. To those who won his confidence, he was a loyal friend and a wise counsellor.

In the death of Professor Lord this Faculty mourns the loss, not merely of their colleague of longest unbroken service, but of the brilliant man of science, the incisive and powerful teacher, the keen yet broad-minded counsellor, the vigilant and strong supporter of the University, the loyal citizen, delightful companion and generous friend, the man of rare quality, originality and broad interest, whose place in the hearts of those who knew him intimately can never be filled.



To this we are privileged to add the letter to Mrs. Lord of the Pittsburg Alumni, which is as follows.

The Ohio State University Association of Pittsburg, deeply shocked by the untimely death of Professor Nathaniel Wright Lord while still in the prime of his usefulness, and feeling keenly the great loss to the University of which he was one of the leading spirits; to the alumni, many of whom were proud to number him among their friends, and others of whom knew and admired him by reputation only; to the scientific world, in which he was a leader in his line of work; and to society in general, which profited by his earnest and careful scientific labors; yet realize that the greatest burden falls upon yourself. Therefore, in your hour of sorrow, this Association extends to you the deepest sympathy of its members, trusting that you may to some extent, however small, be sustained in your grief by a knowledge of the high regard in which Professor Lord was held among us.

Benjamin Franklin Thomas

With deep sorrow the members of the University Faculty learned of the unexpected death of their colleague, Benjamin Franklin Thomas, on July 4, 1911, near his summer home in Maine, to which he had gone during Commencement week. Only a few of his intimate friends knew of the disease with which he had for three years been afflicted and which during the past spring progressed with startling rapidity to its end.

Professor Thomas was born at Palmyra, Ohio, October 14, 1850. Both his parents had been emigrants from Wales. When he was ten years of age his parents removed to Fox Lake, Wisconsin, where he received his preparation for college under the private instruction of an Episcopal clergyman. He was graduated from Ripon College in 1874. After a year of work as instructor at the Fort Berthold, Dakota, Indian Reservation, he became instructor in physics for two years at Carleton College, Minnesota. During the years 1878-1880, he was a graduate student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Research Assistant at the Stevens Institute of Technology where, in 1880, he earned the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. For the next five years he was Professor of Physics at the University of Missouri. In 1885 he became Professor of Physics at the Ohio State University, a position which he retained until his death terminated twenty-six years of continuous and faithful service for the University.

Appointed a member of the Board of Examiners of the International Electrical Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1884, his engineering foresight enabled him to see the future of electricity and the extent of his applications in engineering science. Much of his work done in the old Physics Laboratory in the basement of University Hall was in the physical measurements of electrical currents, with apparatus of his own devising and construction. Through his influence, a legislative appropriation was obtained in 1889 for a building and equipment for an electrical engineering laboratory. So far as known, this was the first college building ever constructed solely for this purpose. It was the emphasis put by him and the Department of Physics on electricity and its applications which brought about the establishment of the course in Electrical Engineering, which was among the first to be organized in an American Engineering College or Technical school, and from which have gone so many alumni who have created reputations both for themselves and their Alma Mater. Later, he was largely instrumental in securing the erection of Physics Hall which, with its valuable equipment, constitutes the culmination of the development of the department under his administration.

He was a member of the American Physical Society. In 1885, he was Secretary of the Physics Section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and in 1892 was Vice President of the Section. To both the American Association and the American Institute of Electrical Engineers he contributed papers pertaining to the physical measurements of electrical phenomena, including photometric standards, the photometry of arc and incandescent lights and of the rapidly varying phenomena of electric circuits.

As a teacher, Professor Thomas excelled in the clearness and precision of his statements and in manipulative skill as a demonstrator of phenomena. With his students, as in his own work, the constant emphasis was laid upon thoroughness, exactness and the development of ability to do the things practically which the problems demanded.

As a member of this Faculty he was tenacious of the claims of his own department, and his motives were sometimes misunderstood; but those who knew him best are convinced that he believed he could best serve the interests of the University by honestly and unflinchingly asserting the rights of the department as he saw them.

In the work of that department he was indefatigable, giving to it more than full measure of time and energy; and in other official duties to which he was assigned by this Faculty, he was always faithful and efficient.

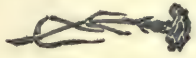
Professor Thomas was not a man to make many friends; but within the restricted circle of a few intimates the genial qualities of his nature found recognition and encouragement.

The University Faculty places on record this expression of its sense of loss in the death of one of its oldest members; and transmits to the surviving members of the family the assurance of its heartfelt sympathy in their great bereavement.



The dinner to Thomas Corwin Mendenhall, Emeritus Professor of Physics in this University, and beloved not only here at home but as widely as his fame is wide, was a function of that fine flower of the university spirit that is ordinarily supposed to be limited to undergraduates. The immediate occasion was the return to America, to Ohio, of Dr. Mendenhall, after his long Tuscan residence—now quite ten years—in Florence, and after the circle of the world that gave him a visit in the Japan that he knew so well in the Seventies. His return is thus much in the manner of a palinode, gathering up the motives and memories of his years of service on the way; and the dinner was no other than a welcome home to him. For he is to make his home now in the most Italian of Ohio towns, Ravenna. And beyond this, the University claims him first and last and everywhere else. Some three dozen men of the University, professors and alumni, dined with him in the German room of the Hotel Chittenden, on the night of October 16, 1911. The President of the University, Dr. Thompson, was compelled to be in Chicago, in attendance at the meeting, not to say the vacation, of his harassed brothers, the presidents of state universities, and the toastmaster's chair was classically and charmingly occupied by Professor Josiah R. Smith, a colleague of Dr. Mendenhall here; as were the others at the head-table, Dr. William H. Scott, Dr. Sidney A. Norton, Professor Samuel C. Derby, and Capt. Alexis Cope. The toasts were entirely informal. Dr. Mendenhall spoke in kindly reminiscence, with many wise and witty couplings of then and now; and the other speakers followed suit so completely that the occasion became a perspective of the whole history and character of the University, a recognition of its identity through all the years of change, such as is rarely allowed us in the hurry of these later years. It is a pleasure for the Quarterly to announce that Dr. Mendenhall has promised us, for an early day, some of these reminiscences to print. And the final significance came in the last and happiest moments of the dinner we are commemorating, when the suggestion of Professor Alfred D. Cole, head of the department once presided over by the guest of the evening, that the Physics

Building, even without its wings as it is, should be named for Dr. Mendenhall; when this suggestion so immediately took fire in the minds and hearts of the company that it came to resonant expression in a unanimous vote.



At the beginning of the current academic year there are many changes, both permanent and temporary, in the faculties. Of the most important of these we have opportunity to give only the barest mention.

There are several notable additions. Marshall B. Evans, lately of the University of Wisconsin, is Professor of Germanic Languages and Literatures, succeeding the late Professor Rhoades as head of the department. Henry D. Bruning, '96, is Acting Professor of Civil Engineering, substituting for Professor Sherman, who is absent on leave. S. J. Barnett, late of Tulane University, comes to the Department of Physics as Assistant Professor. F. W. Coker is Assistant Professor of Political Science, *vice* W. J. Shepard, resigned. Ludwig Lewisohn is Assistant Professor of Germanic Languages, *vice* Adolph Busse, resigned. William J. McCaughey is Assistant Professor of Metallurgy and Mineralogy.

Three associate professors have been advanced to the rank of professor, namely: Ross C. Purdy, Ceramics; William L. Evans, Chemistry; and John H. Schaffner, Botany.

There are several resignations. Adolf Busse goes from the Department of Germanic Languages to New York University. Walter T. Pierce goes from the Department of Romance Languages to Yale University, and Vittorio Falorsi from the same department to the diplomatic service in America of the Italian government. Walter J. Shephard goes from the Department of Political Science to the University of Missouri. And Thomas J. Kibler leaves the Department of Physical Education to complete his course in medicine.

The following faculty members are absent on leave: Professors F. P. Graves, Education; M. B. Hammond, Economics; H. W. Kuhn, Mathematics; W. R. Lazenby, Forestry; W. T. Magruder, Mechanical Engineering; H. C. Price, Agriculture; C E. Sherman, Civil Engineering; and Assistant Professor Charles Sheard, Physics. F. A. McKenzie, Sociology, and Anna F. Blohm, Domestic Art, have leave of absence for the first semester.



The Classes

The Ohio State University Association of New York

The Ohio State University Association of New York wound up another successful year with a dinner-smoker at Keen's Chophouse on the night of July 28, 1911, in honor of Professor Joseph Villiers Denney, Dean of the College of Arts, Philosophy and Science of the Alma Mater. Thirty-five enthusiastic members of the association participated and others sent regrets. The dinner was pronounced par excellence and the good fellowship that bubbled "over the nuts and wine" made the occasion one long to be remembered by both members and the guest of honor.

Hunger and thirst having been assuaged and the customary toasts fittingly spoken, the diners were called to order by the Secretary, in the absence of the President and Vice-President.

The Secretary, Russell I. Hare, reported the Association in fine condition socially, financially and morally; that no business meetings had been held since the Gerard Hotel dinner in the spring; and that roof garden tickets for the Waldorf and Astor Hotels had been mailed to all the members with an appropriate card. The Secretary urged all members to communicate with him in regard to any changes in addresses in order that the directory could be kept up to date.

The Treasurer, George H. Porter, reported that former Treasurer Harris had turned over to him the books of the Association together with $11.63 in real money; that he had collected in dues $15.00 and was mailing out duns for the balance as rapidly as time would permit.

The Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, R. H. Marriott, announced that he had recently had his hair cut. This announcement was received with salvos of applause from the King's Highway "Boy Scouts," whereupon this contingent took occasion to perpetrate their new yell. The chairman further reported that since the last business meeting two orgies had been held, one at the Ohio Society Rooms at the Waldorf and the other in the bowling alleys at Scheffel Hall. The former, he declared, satisfied all the demands of propriety. There were about twenty present who were entertained by the Male Quartet and a talk by Mr. Charles Davis, a visiting alumnus, who was routed out of his comfortable bed at the Waldorf at a late hour. Mr. Davis spoke on conditions in Mexico with which he is entirely familiar and related numerous incidents in connection with the then pending revolution involving President Diaz and other high officials.

The next "powwow," the Chairman reported, was held on June 3, 1911. A number of new faces bobbed up to participate in the boisterous sport. The occasion was as lively as anything the Association has pulled off in its checkered career. Record scores were repeatedly made by a former officer of the Association, ably assisted by broken chairs and other friends.

At this stage the Secretary introduced Ernest K. Coulter, toastmaster for the evening. Presto! Sordid business gives way to merriment and conviviality. Mr. Coulter scintillated with badinage and repartee. He spoke happily (and long) and during the remaining hours called upon such men as Dr. Townshend, H. E. Payne, Dr. Sellenings and other "stars" of varying magnitudes.

The chief remarks of the evening were made by Professor Denney, who spoke feelingly of the reception and dinner accorded him. He dwelt upon some elements of the University's greatness. He told of its men; of their college activities and their more serious achievements, and he drew an inspiring picture of the future.

Throughout the evening ambitious members broke forth in exquisite harmony. Of foolishness their was an abundance. At a small hour the meeting (but not the members) disintegrated—everybody happy and contented.



'85.

CHARLES F. SCOTT, for many years with the Westinghouse Company, and prominent in many of its great undertakings, has accepted a call to the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University, where he now holds the chair of Electrical Engineering.

'89.

RALPH D. MERSHON, President of the Ohio State University Association, has been sitting for his portrait in the Lantern. Here's part of it. "Ralph Davenport is a little dark-haired man with a bristling black moustache. When he starts a thing it begins with a snap and keeps humming. He just rolls up his sleeves and digs in. He tears down to bed-rock and then builds up again stronger and finer than ever. That's exactly what he did with the old Ohio State University Alumni Association. He destroyed the old institution and built up a beautiful new association....."

'91.

FRANK W. RANE, State Forester of Massachusetts, visited the University on his way to attend the Third National Conservation Congress at Kansas City, where he represented the Governor of Massachusetts.

'92.

REV. IRVINE LAIRD DUNGAN has just issued a booklet entitled "The Master Bethany," an interpretation of Christ's life in the home of Martha, Mary and Lazarus at Bethany.

'94.

E. F. GEHRKENS, who is with the General Electric Company at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, was an autumn visitor at the University.

'96.

MR. AND MRS. T. C. SOUTHARD, ('05) announce the birth of a son on October 9.

'98.

C. E. HAIGLER has left the Michigan College of Mines to accept the position of Professor of Applied Science at Wentworth Institute, Boston.

CLYDE T. MORRIS, Professor of Civil Engineering in the University, is now deputy state highway commissioner of Ohio.

'99.

CHARLES G. BOND and BERTHA PATTERSON BOND, '01, announce the birth, on September 10, of Charles Grosvenor Bond II.

'00.

FRANK A. BOHN, associate editor of the International Socialist Review, addressed the Socialist Club of the University on October 9.

GEO. W. FROST was married to Miss M. Eulalia Black on Tuesday, October 1, at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Wheeling, West Virginia. After November 1 they will be at home at 125 South Edgewater Avenue, Dayton, Ohio. Several years ago Mr. Frost, in conjunction with his father, organized the Frost Arts and Crafts Workshops, and the industry has grown until it is by far the largest institution of the kind in the country.

Ex. '00. RALPH T. TURNER is with the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company in Chicago, Ill.

'01.

MR. and MRS. RUDOLPH HIRSCH, of Kansas City, announce the birth on July 21, of a son, Oliver Martin.

FRANK C. MCKINNEY is joint author with the late Judge Dill, of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, of a treatise on corporations.

Ex. '01. MR. AND MRS. GEORGE BELLOWS, of New York, announce the birth on September 9, of a daughter, Ann.

'02.

ROBERT J. KING, of Zanesville, is assistant attorney general of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for Ohio and Indiana.

THEODORE H. TANGEMAN is prosecuting attorney of Auglaize County, Ohio.

'03.

CYRUS A. MELICK is assistant professor of Civil Engineering in the Michigan Agricultural College at Lansing.

MR. CLINTON R. STAUFFER and Miss Eva G. Webb were married on August twenty-ninth at Youngstown, O. Dr. Stauffer is associate professor of geology in Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio.

DR. LUCIUS A. WING, who has been in charge of the American Hospital in Paris for the past year, has returned to New York after spending three days in Columbus, with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Wing.

'04.

E. W. COATES is with the Stapler Seed and Poultry Supply Company, 8 Diamond Square, Pittsburgh, Pa.

S. E. WARD, who is in the employ of the Westinghouse Machine Company, Pittsburgh, is installing an irrigation and power plant in Portalles, New Mexico. A recent number of a Honolulu paper shows photographs of United States surveyors doing work on the volcanoes. In the midst of the party stands C. H. Birdseye, ex-'04, who has charge of a corps of topographers for the government. He is engaged in examining both topographic and hydrographic features in the islands.

In a letter dated September 9, Lieutenant G. S. Burrell, '04, of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, U. S. N., describes the progress of his work. He has been promoted from Ensign to Lieutenant with a salary increase to $3,000, and has been in charge of a part of the immense works at Pearl Harbor. Four million cubic yards of dredging, and excavation for a large dry dock, have been completed, which will eventually accommodate ships of 35 feet draft and over 800 feet in length. The war game is to be played there during the present month upon the arrival of the Pacific Fleet. Mr. Burrell was appointed to the Navy through the civil service in 1907. Since then four similar positions have been filled by appointment from Annapolis.

C. S. MEAD is engaged in research work at a private experiment station in the Isle of Pines.

Ex. '04. JOHN G. CAMPBELL is superintendent of the Price Electric Company at Cleveland, Ohio. His address is 1496 E. 118th street.

'05.

RUSSELL I. HARE and Miss Florence Bright were married in Logan, Ohio, in August. They live in New York City, where Mr. Hare is legal council for the North American League for Immigrants.

F. M. SURFACE has accepted a position at the Kentucky Experiment Station in Biological research work, and has gone to Europe to investigate methods employed in the treatment of animal diseases.

W. F. GEPHART, of the department of Economics and Sociology in the University is the author of a new book on insurance called "Principles of Insurance," recently published by the MacMillan company. Dr. Gephart's book is the only book in the English language which discusses the fundamental principles and practices of life, wage-earners and personal accident insurance. It was written as a text-book for the student of insurance, both outside and inside the classroom. For two years the author has been gathering data, statistics and general information upon the subject for his book. Up to this time there had been no satisfactory text-book upon the subject of insurance and it has always been a serious handicap to the students of this course. Dr. Gephart has charge of the class in insurance at Ohio State.

'06.

JOSEPH E. KEWLEY and FLORENCE HUTCHINSON, both of '06, were married in October at Kenton, Ohio. They will live in Cleveland, where Mr. Kewley is in the legal department of the National Electric Lamp Company.

JESSE E. HYDE and EDNA M. MCCLEERY, '07, were married on August first at Lancaster, Ohio. Mr. Hyde is assistant professor of Geology in the School of Mining of Queens University in Kingston, Ontario.

FLORENCE SHELTON is instructor in French and German in the preparatory school of West Virginia University, Keyser, W. Va.

GEORGE M. POTTER is in the Pathological Laboratory of the Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

R. W. HARNED, professor of Zoology and Entomology in Mississippi Agricultural College was in Columbus this summer.

ISAAC S. COOK has been appointed associate professor of Agronomy at West Virginia University at Morgantown, West Virgina.

'07.

GATEWOOD received the degree of Doctor in Medicine from Rush Medical College last June and now holds a fellowship in the Nelson Morris Memorial Institute at Michael Reese Hospital, Chicago. His home address is 2316 Calumet Avenue, Chicago.

L. C. GATEWOOD received the degree of Doctor in Medicine from Rush Medical College last June and now holds a research fellowship in the Sprague Memorial Institute for Medical Research at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago. His home address is 2316 Calumet avenue, Chicago.

WARREN T. POWELL, who has been at Smith Academy at St. Louis for the past year, is now in the department of English of the University of Minnesota.

MR. and MRS. WILLIAM A. YEAGLE announce the birth of a son, William George, on Saturday, September 23.

FLEMING H. CREW of Cleveland has been appointed U. S. District Attorney for Porto Rico.

W. B. HEARNS is in charge of the entomological work at the University of California and attended the International Hygiene Congress in France this summer.

E. W. Burger, state Entomologist of Florida paid a visit to the University recently.

Edgar Richey this year assumes the duties of dean of agriculture of the Ohio Northern University.

Irving R. Gard is mining engineer with the Canadian Collieries (Dunsmuir), Limited, at Victoria, British Columbia.

J. E. Kissell has been transferred as assistant engineer from the P. & E. Division of the Big Four Railroad to the Cairo Division and is now located at Mt. Carmel, Ill.

'08.

H. W. C. Lichtenwalter is an inspector in the Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, and is located in San Francisco, Cal.

Warren H. Booher is assistant to the secretary of the North Carolina State Board of Health and is located at Raleigh, N. C. His address is 212 New Bern avenue.

Charles P. Hoover has been appointed chief chemist at the Columbus filtration plant.

Emily Hollister is teacher of sciences in the Ypsilanti, Mich., high school.

Margaret Wilcox was married in October to Mr. Fritz Adoph Lichtenberg, of Columbus.

'09.

C. C. Hadden, has been transferred from the position as transit man in the office of the engineer of maintenance of way, Pittsburgh, to assistant supervisor of track on the Philadelphia Division, B. & O. railway, with headquarters at Philadelphia. This position is new to the B. & O. Ry. and Mr. Hadden is the first to occupy it. There are now two other men occupying similar positions, one of whom is R. S. Harding, an ex-student of Ohio State. The position was created for the purpose of making a careful and systematic study of efficiency methods as applied to track work. The duties consist in making time studies of various methods of doing track work, in supervising the application of more efficient methods, making reports of progress, as well as assisting in the general supervision of track maintenance.

A. E. Gibson is with the Wellman-Seaver-Morgan Company, engineers and manufacturers at Cleveland. His address is 4103 Clinton Avenue, N. W.

W. J. Hendrix is assistant in Agronomy at the University of Missouri.

James F. Zimmer, of the United States Bureau of Entomology, has been granted a leave of absence to take graduate work in entomology at Cornell University. His address is 204 College Avenue, Ithaca, N. Y.

Helen Plumb is supervisor of domestic art in the high school at Youngstown, Ohio.

Herbert T. Osborn, son of Professor Osborn of the Zoological Department, is conducting investigations of the alfalfa weavil in Utah for the Bureau of Entomology.

Bessie Cartmell is teacher of German in Ashland College, Ashland, Ohio.

Helen Bertram Smith is teaching English at Miss Wallace's Collegiate School in Columbus.

Richard Faxon is assistant fruit inspector for the state of Montana.

'10.

Paul Cowgill is instructor in mechanical drawing in the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts at Raleigh.

James C. Lawrence is now connected with the Goodrich Tire Company at Akron, Ohio.

Genevieve Kelso is teaching in the intermediate high schools of Los Angeles, California. Her address is 1616 S. Flower Street.

E. W. Gorman who is employed by the Metheson Alkali Works of Saltville, Virginia, has been sent to the company's plant at Cheshire, Massachusetts, to take charge of the operation of a new kiln.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Kinney announce the birth of a son, James Lewis, October 7th.

J. M. Cadwallader, is with the Oklahoma State Experiment Station at Stillwater, Okla.

Ruby Byers, is supervising domestic science and domestic art in the Shaw High school in East Cleveland.

Clem Burkley is with the General Electric Company at their research laboratory in Schenectady, N. Y.

Faber Biggert is with the New York Telephone company at its headquarters in Brooklyn.

A. Guillaudeu recently passed the Civil Service Examinations for assistant chemical engineer in the forestry service with highest rank.

C. R. St. Clair has been appointed assistant professor of civil engineering at the University of Kansas. Another graduate of the department, H. A. Rice, '97, is associate professor at this school.

Russell J. Burt is in the office of Harvey D. Goulder, a prominent admiralty lawyer of Cleveland.

William E. Brooks is practicing law in Cleveland in the office of Bemis & Bemis.

Thomas Hoyt Jones is in the law office of Blandin and Ginn, Cleveland.

Sam Funkhouser is in law at 30 Broad Street, New York City.

G. W. Hood is in Washington, assisting in the Agricultural Division of the National Bureau of Entomology.

H. R. Watt has secured a position with the Bureau of Entomology and is doing work for the Government in Kansas.

Wm. Bembower is in Miami, Florida, conducting an investigation for the Bureau of Plant Industry.

P. V. Ewing has charge of the clerical and scientific work at Cottage Hill Farm at Ravenna, Ohio.

W. F. Bruce is situated at Artesia, Mexico, as manager of a large ranch.

'11.

Arthur L. Blake has passed the civil service examination and expects soon to take a position in Omaha.

Celia Campbell and D. R. Vanatta, '10, were married in Cincinnati on Aug. 30th. They are now living in Stockton, Ohio.

W. G. Gaessler is analytical assistant in the chemical section of the Iowa Agricultural Experiment Station at Ames, Iowa.

G. D. Hatfield is with the Westinghouse Airbrake Company at Wilberding, Pa., a suburb of Pittsburgh. His address is The Tonalenka Club.

Alta McKinney is teaching domestic science and physiology in the Eaton high school.

Florence Huston is teaching domestic science at Hamilton, Ohio.

Russell Oppenheimer is teaching history and physics in the high school at Eaton, Ohio.

Robert S. Van Atta is with the Westinghouse Electric Company, Pittsburg.

Sumner Frank is with Armour & Company, of Chicago.

William Bembower has gone to Allahad, India, where he will teach horticulture in Christian College. Prof. Wendell Paddock, in referring to Mr. Bembower's work, said that he believed there was a great field for horticulture in India and predicts great development along all lines of agriculture when the natives receive the proper instruction. Sam Higginbottom, who was graduated last year

from the College of Agriculture and has made himself famous by his work among the lepers, holds the chair of economics at Christian College.

HOWARD D. CLAYTON is in New York acting as assistant chemist in Food and Drug inspection laboratory at 220 South Clinton street, East Orange, N. Y.

WIRT S. SCOTT has been appointed Superintendent of the Municipal Lighting Plant of Columbus.

WALLACE E. HAUGER is assistant agronomist at the Maryland Agricultural Experiment Station, College Park, Md.

PERRY FAY is with The John Wanamaker Company in Phildelphia. His address is 157 N. Twentieth Street.

D. D. SHIRA is professor of Biology in Guthrie College, Guthrie, Oklahoma.

PAUL VAUGHN has been appointed government inspector in the stock yards at Kansas City.

M. RUSSELL ARMSTRONG has been appointed chief engineer of the Columbus Municipal Electric Light Plant.

CLARE S. MARTIN is teaching physics and chemistry in the high school at Moundville, Virginia.

ROBERT W. COLLINS is teacher of English in the high school at Ashtabula, Ohio.

LESTER P. SLADE is working on the Barge Canal at Rochester, N. Y. His address is 91 Rugby avenue.

EARL G. ROSE is in the Revenue Cutter Service off the Atlantic coast.

WM. F. BRUCE is teaching agriculture in an agricultural high school at New London, Minn.

FELIX W. HUFFMAN is tenement house inspector of the City of Columbus.

AUGUSTUS H. BORNHORST is with the Willys-Overland Co. of Toledo.

GENEVIEVE LAWRENCE is at Vineland, N. J., as an assistant in the Psychological Research laboratory of the New Jersey State Training School for feebleminded and backward children.

CLAUDE PETTIT is teaching in the Logan High School.

H. L. LONGENECKER is now with the Southern Clay Manufacturing Co. at Robbins, Tennessee.

KARL M. COSGROVE is employed with the Belle Valley Coal Mining Co., as civil engineer, having charge of the triangulation of a new coal territory of three thousand acres, and the surveying and mapping of all separate lands composing this tract.

J. H. POHLMAN is with the Park Drop Forge Company at Cleveland.

WARREN M. BRIGGS is teaching in the Piqua High School.

F. A. BRUG, F. W. DAVIS and ROY KEGERREIS are in the Testing Department of the General Electric Company.

D. S. COLWELL is in the employ of Howell and Thomas, Architects at Columbus, as superintendent of outside construction work.

H. R. NISWONGER is assistant in the Department of Entomology and Botany at the Agricultural Experiment Station of the State University of Kentucky. He is also instructor in Zoology at the University.

EVAN J. CRANE is assisant editor of Chemical Abstracts, the official organ of the American Chemical Society, with offices in the Chemistry Building at the University.

HELEN ZELLER is teaching in the Sidney, (Ohio), high school.

FLORENCE EDITH HUDGEL and FRED A. CASKEY, '09, were married Tuesday, October 3, 1911, at Waynesville, Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. Caskey have gone to Florida for a trip of three months after which they will live in Marietta, Ohio.

The Alumni Secretary

In securing Herbert S. Warwick as its secretary, the Ohio State University Association has taken a step which will meet with the approval of nearly everybody who has been connected with the University since he came here in the fall of 1903. He assumes the new position with an unsurpassed reputation for loyalty to Ohio State, and his executive ability has been amply demonstrated in the management of the Ohio Union which he has successfully accomplished during the past six months. In fact, the board of control of Ohio Union will find it difficult to secure a man so capable and at the same time so peculiarly congenial to the mass of the students.

Mr. Warwick, or, as he is much better known, "Dave," was born on a farm in a nameless portion of Warren county in the year 1884. He graduated from the Waynesville high school, took his freshman year in Denver University, and then entered the Ohio State University, where he was graduated from the college of Arts in 1906.

In 1904 the football team had one of the hardest schedules ever presented to an Ohio State eleven. Games were included with Indiana, Illinois, and the Carlisle Indians, besides our old foes, Michigan and Case. Dave was a member of that team and played in every game except two.

A movement in 1905 to secure more organized rooting at athletic games resulted in the selection of Mr. Warwick as the University's first cheermaster. The results accomplished by this movement cannot be too greatly emphasized. Ohio State has become noted all over the state for the effectiveness and the sportsmanlike conduct of its cheering. Dave has been in demand ever since, at all college gatherings, because of his ability to stir up enthusiasm.

After taking his degree in 1906 Mr. Warwick taught English and was director of athletics in the high school at Ironwood, Mich., leaving there six months later to travel for a local commercial house. In 1908 he married Miss Hazel Hain, who had also attended the University. Soon after this event he entered business with his father-in-law.

On the completion of the Ohio Union, the quest for a suitable man to take charge was begun. Mr. Warwick applied for the position and the committee seeing immediately that he was perfectly qualified, appointed him from a large field of candidates. He began his work as Director of the Ohio Union on the first of last May. On June first the building was sufficiently in order for the formal opening. Since the opening of the University this fall the Union has been in full blast and is already an immense feature in student life. Mr. Warwick's efficient management has made it certain that this new institution will be a success. His loss to the Union will be great, but it is believed that the benefit to Ohio State alumni through his new work will be greater.

LEWIS F. LAYLIN, '14.





HERBERT S. WARWICK, '06
Secretary of the Ohio State University Association

Athletic Policies

The following statement is condensed from the much fuller and more detailed statement which the writer, by the compulsion of his being the president of the Athletic Board, published in the first issue of the year of the Lantern.

We are in more or less of a transition period in our intercollegiate relations, not only in football but in all other athletic games. The stronger Ohio colleges will always find a place on our schedules, but we are now definitely trying to enlarge the scope of these schedules. It is not, of course, that we have beaten the state, and are looking for larger game; such a statement is far from the truth, but it is entirely true that the other colleges themselves, our equal rivals on the field, look to us to represent the state in interstate athletics. It is not presumptuous, therefore, for Ohio State to look for games with other state universities. Nor is it presumptuous for us to think that we could hold our own in greater contests; outside the few great teams, football in Ohio is as good as it is anywhere; and beyond this it has been proved over and over again that a team, wherever it is at all possible, always plays up to its class. It does not seem advisable to attempt to open such relations east; the distances are too great, and return games are in many cases impossible. Our natural field is west.

But nobody should expect a very radical or a very rapid widening of our athletic schedules, for the reason that the Universities of Illinois, Indiana, Chicago, Wisconsin and Purdue, which are the nearest to us in the West, are members of the Western Conference; and the policy of that conference is that its members shall play among themselves. In football each member of that conference must schedule at least four games with other members, leaving only three games which may be scheduled outside the conference; a limitation to seven games is made, and no Thanksgiving game is permitted; and further, no games are permitted between conference members and the University of Michigan. Our best chance of getting football games with the Western Conference teams is by entering that conference; but whether we could be admitted to it is uncertain. If we should become a member of the conference, then we would necessarily sever football relations with the University of Michigan. When all the phases of this situation are thoroughly reviewed, it seems clear that from every standpoint it is unadvisable for Ohio State to do anything which would sever football relations with the University of Michigan. It is possible that the attitude of Michigan toward the Western Conference, and that of the Conference toward Michigan, may be changed within the next few years; and if that comes to pass, our course is clear; we should immediately apply, and keep on applying, for admission into the Western Conference. The best we can hope for within the next few years is an opening of relations in baseball and track with Illinois, and possibly Indiana and Purdue; and active efforts are now being made to accomplish that end.

Even this is by no means easy to accomplish. One needs only to call attention to the great expense connected with track and baseball, compared with their income. On that account it is necessary, if good schedules in these games are provided, to meet the deficit with money made during the football season, and up to the present time these schedules have been limited because there was little money to provide for their needs. This year we hope to have more money for

that purpose, which will render it possible to expand our baseball and track schedules, if we find that the western universities are inclined to take up athletic relations with us. It is a well-known fact that the eligibility requirements at Ohio State are higher than in most of the western universities, and if we can open relations with some of those mentioned it is believed that no difficulty will be encountered in maintaining them.

Ohio Field has been improved to a point where we can show a fair diamond, the best football field in the State, and as good a track as there is in the whole country. Seating capacity is ample for the present. Further improvements may therefore be postponed for a time, and this the Athletic Board had agreed upon. During the last year the west bleachers were erected on Ohio Field, and the east bleachers painted, at a total cost of about $7000; in addition to this the total expense of coaches, trainers and employes for the year amounted to about $5000. The expense of equipment for all the teams, and all other expenses connected with the operation of athletics during the year, combined with the salaries and cost of improvements, far exceeded our income, so that at the close of last year the Athletic Board had a deficit of about $4000, a considerable part of which was incurred in the maintenance of baseball and track. On account of this deficit, also in connection with other scholastic reasons, it was impossible to send men to the Western Conference Meet which is especially regretted because of the extraordinary speed and form shown by several of the track team, notably Wikoff and Cook.

It will be apparent, therefore, that the matter of arranging athletic relations with other state universities in football is extremely difficult, and that to assume athletic relations in baseball and track is also difficult for financial reasons. It will probably always be the case that football must earn the money necessary to float all the other games; and a conservative policy in reference to sending the teams on long trips outside the State, or in bringing teams here from any distance outside, must necessarily be pursued. We thoroughly believe that spirit is at the bottom of all athletics, but we also believe that it is folly to undertake games which will create a deficit, without at the same time providing some way of meeting the deficit. It is really a very complicated problem which the Athletic Board and the Director face in arranging schedules, and any expansion must be slow. We should by all means continue games with Michigan. We should also endeavor to secure baseball and track games with Illinois, and as soon as possible football games. As has already been said, this attempt is now being made.

This is as far as the Athletic Board, at the present time, can come to fulfilling the pledges given to the Alumni at Commencement, and during the year through the pages of the Quarterly. It will be recalled that these pledges referred to the best possible schedules, coaching, and equipment. In the latter two we have spared no expense, and we think that they are better than they have ever been. And the schedules, as this statement testifies, will be improved as rapidly as possible.

GEORGE W. RIGHTMIRE, '95.



Oxley Hall Smoker

Oxley Hall? Hushed be every ruder breath. 'Tis the place; one hears about it; where the curlews come and call. Curlews is just the word. Many a night from yonder ivied casement— But the House Superintendent says there are too many serenades. Let us descend to prose. Only, all old grads take notice, here is Oxley Hall; undreamed of in our day; and remember what we print on the back of our bulletins, "The State has no resource comparable to its daughters—"

But I don't mean to say that we're going to have a Smoker in Oxley Hall! Oh, you see what I mean. Figure of speech. Like ladies' afternoon (I think there is one) at the Ohio Union, you know. "Smoker" itself, you know, is just a large figure of speech. This time we're going to hear from (notice my impudence) the girls. Some of us brute males may possibly seem to find an added charm in the fact that we can indeed smoke as we read. But there's small charm in that, compared with a real reunion with two such..... I see I shall get into trouble. I always do. They were both of the class of '99, which was before the co-eds were civilized. Be therefore prepared. I have the honor to present the adventures of Anna Williams in Wales and of Dorothy Canfield in Belgium.



Mrs. Orin Gould Murfin is her society name, Anna Williams's. Lieutenant Murfin is in the Navy, you know, generally on the latest Dreadnaught, for he is a turbine expert; why, he was on the North Dakota, don't you remember—? Shoot, I guess I can keep still if I want to when I want to. Listen to *her*.



"The fleet sailed early in the morning from homesick Cherbourg for Guantanamo, leaving a score of officers' wives not only unprotected by husbands and big guns, but with a long week intervening before a friendly steamer, bound for the right port, would pick them up. Cherbourg, which had meant hops and dinners and a round of fun during the Fleet's stay, was empty and hopeless by noon of December thirtieth, and by night everybody had deserted the Hotel du Casino for Paris or a Channel boat to Southampton.

"A true Cymric, I made right for Wales, visited Aberystwyth, the one-time home of my father's people, and then started north to Llanalidan, in Denbighshire, whence sprang the other side of my house. The village of Llanalidan (Billy Evans will pronounce it for you!) is a mile from its railway station, Nantclwyd; and though it was dark when our train arrived in this perfectly strange part of the world, I somehow felt as safe as one feels on Broadway at high noon.

"Neither tram nor carriage was available for the mile journey, but a friendly woman, standing by, produced a tall countryman, who was willing for two shillings to carry my bag to the Leyland-Arms. And off we started down the road,—such a perfect road!—with hawthorn hedges on either side, and off be-

yond the dark meadows the snow-covered hills that a full moon touched into fairy-land. I was so thrilled with the beauty of Denbighshire on a winter night that our mile was only a step, and in a moment I was standing in the stone hallway of the Leyland-Arms.

"My husky porter went in search of the landlady; and while I waited I suddenly and for the first time felt like a stranger in a strange land. The name of the Inn had suggested possible mugs of country ale, but I was not prepared for a noisy bar-room and the whole place fairly reeking with its wares. If it were only daylight! Ah, but here is Mrs. Thomas, the landlady, and I must not let her see that her Inn is not quite all that a Martha Washington hotel suggests.

" 'I'd like accommodations for over Sunday, Mrs. Thomas, and—'

" 'I have no rooms,' was the deliberate reply, as she scrutinized me from boot to bonnet. I should add that the scrutiny of Mrs. Thomas amounts to something; she weighs about three hundred, and she speaks in a little mincing, affected voice.

" 'But I was told,' I pleaded, 'that I could find lodgings here. And anyhow it's night, and I am a stranger. You surely can give me some sort of accommodations.'

" 'I can't take you,' was the crisp response, and the Amazon swept by me into her cellar, emerging later with an apron-full of bottles.

" 'But you must!' I cried.

"She brushed by me, and disappeared into the bar-room. O for the big guns of the Fleet! I don't know which was uppermost in me, righteous wrath or a sickening fear. I appealed to several Welshmen in turn, as they came in and out of the bar from their rigs on the road; none of them would help me; they all stared curiously and insolently. Finally I got one of them to bring me back the huge landlady, and I tried alternately to buy and to browbeat her into taking me in, just for the night. She was adamant. Meanwhile my slavey had vanished. I sent for him, ordered him to take me to the nearest clergyman's, and started for the door.

" 'Oh, but I can't go now,' he said, 'not until I've had something to drink.'

" 'You can't have anything now,' I commanded; 'you can come back here later.'

"But he called to the bar-maid, and she brought him a bottle of stout.

" 'Put that in your pocket,' I said grandly. 'You can have it when I am through with you.' I knew he had been drinking, and I didn't relish a drunken guide at night in a strange place. Of course he didn't hear me. He pulled the cork, drained the bottle, picked up my bag, and we were off.

"Farewell, O Leyland-Arms! The clergyman's wife will be so happy to play Good Samaritan. I'm so glad Wales is the land that grows good preachers and plenty of them. In ten minutes we were through the garden gate, and knocking at the rectory door.

" 'Is the Reverend Mr. Richards in?'

" 'Yes. What name, please?'

" 'He doesn't know me. Say that an American lady wishes to speak with him.'

"She was the housekeeper; she closed the door while I waited. The Reverend Mr. Richards opened it later, showing a lean and hungry six-feet-three, topped by a gaunt ascetic face. Somehow, I was not reassured.

" 'I'm so sorry to trouble you, Mr. Richards, but could you tell me where I may find lodgings for a day or two? I came here to look up family shrines. I have found that the Leyland-Arms, where I had hoped to stay, is not a ladies' hotel.'

"'We—ell,' he said. 'Of course I couldn't take you in here, but perhaps someone farther down the village may. No doubt some of the farming people would be glad to accommodate you.'

"'Oh, but,' I cried, 'I can't ask anyone who doesn't regularly do that sort of thing! I see there is nothing to do but take the next train for Rhuthyn. I can stay at the Castle Inn there.'

"'Ruthyn?' He was not much interested. 'You evidently came on the last train for Rhuthyn. There won't be another until Monday morning.'

"And this was Saturday night. It began to look as if I should have to spend two nights under the stars, under those lovely hawthorn hedges, right out in the snow-covered hills that the moon touched into fairyland. My resources weren't quite exhausted, however.

"'The nearest livery—where is it, please?'

"'Livery?' I was ashamed to be so uninteresting. 'The only man about here who is licensed to drive is Mr. Jones, down at the Mill.'

"'And how far away is the Mill?'

"'A matter of a mile—if you go through the fields.'

"The land that grows good preachers. Anyhow, my good man Friday, warmed by I knew not how much Scotch and what-not, knew the way to the Mill. And off we started, leaving the good preacher to his interrupted preparations for the Sabbath. We had gone but a little way down the dark road when Friday asked, very respectfully, 'Can you climb a fence, ma'am?'

"'Yes, I can,' I said. 'You go ahead with the bag, and I will follow.'

"If I needed courage before, nothing short of prayers would answer now. For once over the fence, we were confronted by a pine woods so black that even a full silver moon made no impression on it. In no direction could I see a house, nowhere a friendly window lamp. I am deadly afraid of dogs, but I would have cried with joy to hear a house-dog growl his fiercest. It was getting late, eight, nine; we walked endlessly through sodden fields, that terrifying forest, all the while, just to our left. I was perfectly certain I would never see the Mill. All the while I talked, incessantly, feverishly, just to keep from going mad; and thus at last, through my own voice, I did hear the music of water pouring over a mill dam. Oh, it *was* music. At that moment I could have hugged my good trustworthy Friday-man. Our ten-mile mile was at an end, and I was knocking at Miller Jones's door. It opened on a kindly face that I shall love as long as I live.

"'You are Mr. Jones? I want you to drive me to Rhuthyn, Mr. Jones. Can we start at once?'

"'To Rhuthyn tonight?' he said. 'I can't possibly. My horses are out, and won't be back before ten o'clock.'

"'Well,' I said, 'we'll start at ten.'

"'I'm sorry,' said my Miller, 'but the horses will be too tired to make the trip to Rhuthyn tonight.'

"His answer seemed final, and it was the last straw. I had but one resource left—I began to weep!

"I shall spare you the details of what followed; but I want to say that it's worth going to Europe just to meet the Good Samaritan that calls himself Richard Jones the Miller! He and his kind old wife took me in; of course they took me in; they put me to bed in a most charming old room, with golden-yellow hangings; and they brought a hot supper to me in bed. And before I left them on Monday, they drove me to Ffynnan Tudor farm, the birthplace of my Grandfather Hughes, and there we had tea with the hospitable owner of the place. So my mission to Llanalidan was most delightfully accomplished at last.

"Oh, I must finish the story. Why was I refused shelter at the Leyland-Arms? It all came out afterwards. The year before, in the spring, two bold

but unsuccessful attempts had been made to kidnap the younger son of Lady Naylor-Leyland, of Nantclwyd Hall, Llanalidan. This attempt had been made by a woman. Notices had been posted therefore, rewards and warnings offered, and everybody was on the look-out for suspicious plausible foreign women.

"And I was that wicked woman—maybe! At first I was chagrined, as you may fancy. And later, I was amused beyond words. The feeling that I have figured in melodrama, or airy comic opera, is likely to last for some time. In broad daylight I could see it all: a strange woman appearing alone, and at night, in the winter, in that out-of-the-way part of the world, giving as her reason a sentimental desire to see a family cradle, don't you see, was really most likely a bold bad creature with dark dreadful designs on the county gentry!"



Mrs. John R. Fisher, of Arlington, Vermont, that's, you know, no other than Dorothy Canfield. You've all been reading some of her stories. Here's one that you haven't read. Mr. Fisher? Writer, too; that doesn't mean much to most of us, we're such sticks; we're much more likely to recognize him from football, for he was on the Columbia team; why, don't you remember—? Off-side again. But listen to *her*.



"Belgium is flat, is stolid, is dull, is always the same, is the last place in the world to look for anything unexpected—and I still have a fancy that the absurd events of those two days were due to the ungodly way in which, that summer, I made my entry into the country.

"I was in Norway, far in the interior, and very hard up, but I had set my heart on getting to Paris before going home. The usual routes were ten times too dear; to Leith or to Copenhagen by boat, and then by rail to Paris, would cost all that was left in my depleted pocket-book; but I repeated to myself my favorite motto for emergencies—'while there's imagination there's hope,' and cast about me. As I made the mental voyage around the circle of possibilities, I stopped short at the well-known fact that both ice and lumber are exported to the Low Countries. It was evident that they could afford the expensive rail journey as little as I. A lively campaign of investigation brought out the fact that a boat leaves Christianssund every other week, bound for Antwerp, and that the captain's wife makes the journey with him. What one woman has done—!

"My reasoning ran on. Norway is a small country. Everybody is related to everybody else. . . . Yes, as I thought, sure enough, the captain turned out to be a cousin of an acquaintance of mine, who telephoned him (after the nonchalant Norse manner, across the entire country) certifying to my respectability and to my guaranteed freedom from sea-sickness, and striking a bargain. These were the links in the chain which finally, one black overcast evening, swung me, together with Fru Nilsson, aboard the Sigurd (a shabby little tub, loaded to every inch of deck-space with long gold-yellow pine boards,) and which sent me off on the craziest voyage of my experience.

"We were no sooner out of the little land-locked harbor of Christianssund than we ran into one of the most pestilential storms ever brewed by that most pestilential water called the North Sea. About midnight, as I lay, clutching the sides of my madly tossing berth, one section of the lumber on deck broke loose with a noise like the explosion of a bomb. By morning they had all torn from their fastenings, and with every insane somersault of the helpless little cockleshell came battering down on the cabin-walls. I was sure at each crash that this time they would ram through.

"When I was too hungry to stay in bed any longer, I made shift by some miracle of desperation to dress, and crept on my hands and knees into the one little cabin, which was salon and dining-room in one. From the open door to Fru Nilsson's stateroom I heard an impassioned 'Go back to thy bed, child!' —but I grasped a cold potato (the only provender visible) in each hand, and fled crab-like up the stairs in search of fresh air. The innards of a little old-fashioned coastwise steamer have none of the ventilating contrivances of transatlantic liners.

"This story is about Belgium, and I must not describe the day which followed. I spent it on the captain's bridge, under a sou'-wester and a slicker borrowed from the mate, watching the hateful antics of that hateful sea. 'It is because she is so shallow!' yelled the captain to me above the noise of the wind and the pound-swash-bang! of the big combers as they hit the deck; 'I have seen waves so high that from the top of one you could see the mud and stones at the bottom.' This was undoubtedly a highly-colored Norse exaggeration, but the circumstances justified it. If I could have thought of a more highly-colored one during the next four days (the trip usually takes two), I would have hurled it at the sea.

"Then, as suddenly as we ran into the storm, we ran out of it. In a few hours we were in mirror-like water. There, on our left, were the flat shores of Holland, blue in the distance. And miraculously, as the sun went down on one side of us, turning the water and sky to flame and fury, on the other side rose the moon; looking on the world, and seeing that lo! it is a milky-clouded opal. Through that astounding spectacle sailed our battered salt-white little bulk for as much as thirty breathless moments. I might have known that I was on a fey adventure and would find stolid Belgium gone mad.

"Long overdue, we landed at Antwerp on a fete-day, the Feast of the Assumption, and all business was laid aside. The first money-changer's office to which my cab took me was closed. So was the second. And the third. And the fourth! And I had nothing but that foolish Norwegian paper-money that has less of the look of value than any other currency in the world. My cab-man began to look apprehensive and I to feel so. We took counsel together, he anxious to get his pay, I to buy my ticket to Paris. 'It stands to reason,' I concluded finally, 'that somewhere in so big a city as Antwerp there must be at least one money-changer who is behindhand with his accounts, and is taking advantage of a holiday to catch up. Let us therefore wing our way in search of this hypothetical personage.'

"In all my thrifty travellings, never have I ridden so many miles in a cab as on that hot midsummer day up and down the streets and boulevards of Antwerp. I had thought I knew the city before, but I had had but the merest nodding acquaintance with it, compared to the intimate knowledge of by-ways and alleys into which that morning's mad flight took me. Everyone else was feting himself in the expensive, florid, exuberant, Flemish fashion. The old city of Rubens

lay in the sunshine flaunting her innumerable banners and streamers in the most hearty of Rubensesque joviality, through which, as in a gay purgatory, drove and drove and drove, inexorably and drearily chained together, strange Paolo and Francesca! a hunted miserable cabby and a traveller with no possession of any value but her stiff upper lip.

"Wisdom, however, was justified of her children. Finally, finally, behind one closed door, in answer to the knocks and and kicks and shouts with which we had in routine assailed all the other closed doors, we heard a shuffling of feet. A key scraped in the lock, the door swung open, an elderly Jew with a pen behind his ear stood before us.....I suppose it is possible, though it seems unlikely, that the cabby and I did not fall to weeping tears of joy on each others' necks.

"I had meant to pay a flying visit to my favorite Van Dyke portrait in the Museum, but I had lost so much time, and was so out of patience with the fat Flemings (because forsooth they had ventured to take a holiday when it did not suit my convenience), that I hastened to the station, where I bought a ticket to Paris and embarked on the first train thither bound. But I had forgotten that two good Socialist friends of mine, who live in Brussels, are great gadders-about. No sooner had I entered my compartment than I was set upon by an outcry of unexpected friendly greetings. There they were; Journeaux all black beard and twinkling eyes; Mme. Journeaux tall, keen, alert, intelligent, athletic, carelessly dressed, the very antithesis of the conventional conception of the coquettish Frenchwoman. I braced myself at once with a dozen reasons why I must go straight on to Paris, but (as I knew from the first instant I laid my eyes on their masterful faces) to no avail. We left the train at Brussels, M. Journeaux carrying my baggage, and Mme. Journeaux laughingly propelling me from behind. There was to be a little dinner of some Socialist friends of theirs that night, and I must come; and the next day was the great pageant celebrating the hundredth (I think it was the hundredth) anniversary of the separation of Belgium from Holland.

"That night at dinner, as we sat looking out at the exquisite medieval tower of the Hotel de Ville lighted from base to lovely pinnacle with twentieth-century electric-lights, I learned *'L'Internationale.'* At the first mention of it, when I confessed to an ignorance of what it was, there rose an outcry of shocked horror—'where, in heaven's name had I been all summer?' It was, I was told, the Marseillaise of the future, the hymn of the new movement of internationalism which would unite all Socialists (and hence ultimately the entire human race) into one brotherhood, with no idiotic and parochial patriotism of frontiers. We sang it blithely, this swinging new battle-cry, over the gay frugality of our repast; no one with more enthusiasm than an officer in the Belgian army, a kind-faced middle-aged man, who gave me a friendly warning that to be caught with a copy of *'L'Internationale'* in one's possession was a sure way to land in prison in any European country except Belgium; where, apparently, the easy-going authorities don't care what you do, and where, all day long, over the Socialist headquarters, floats the blood-red flag of the Latest Creed.

"The next day we watched the pageant. It was undeniably a great and notable spectacle. The King had paid for it out of his own bottomless pocket-book, and all the well-fed burghers of Brussels went to see the free show, in the spirit of condescending indulgence they have for the whims of their little-regarded royal family. Hour after hour we stared our fill that day at silks and velvets and satins, at brocades and rich



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furs and jewels, at burnished armor and caparisoned warhorses, at Flemish and Spanish and Dutch medieval costumes; endless procession and reincarnation of all the by-gone owners of that flat, fertile, much-coveted, much-contested country. Then when the last glittering 'float' had gone by.....the 'triumph of Belgium' was, ironically enough, the subject,.....we turned about and streamed back through the streets, singing, nearly the whole great crowd of us, *'L 'Internationale'* at the top of our voices. They don't care what you do in Belgium.

"Having stopped so long away from Paris, I lost the impetus which was carrying me there, and decided to spend a day in Bruges. For I had always wanted to see Bruges, the great commercial queen of the middle ages, whose harbors had silted up and left the deserted city, too well-built to decay, high and dry. And I had always read of Bruges,—'Bruges the Dead' the phrase usually runs in French,—embalmed corpse of a city whose brilliant prime was before Columbus discovered America. French writers are always doing word-pictures of the strange dead hush which broods over the ancient city. Painters are always showing studies of its dim empty canals, its great vacant quays, its exquisite untenanted houses, and yet older and more exquisite belfreys. Ah, I quite knew what to expect of Bruges. I attuned my ears to shadowy silence, to poetic desolation, to austere gray peace.

"And I stepped from the train into one yell of color. The narrow street up which, dazed and blinking, I made my way to the Grande Place, was fairly roofed with streamers of red and yellow, hanging from one peaked antique roof to another, and the pavement jammed full from wall to wall with a dense crowd of Flemish peasants, their usually inert bulk afire with the most riotous holiday fever.

"'But I thought the Feast of the Assumption was day before yesterday!' I cried to a passer-by.

"'Today is the Bruges Fair!' she answered, hurrying to mount an effulgently painted wooden horse.

"For now I stood in the venerable Grande Place, where I had thought to find the hush of eld. Before me was a merry-go-round, winking madly at the sun with innumerable mirrors, and screaming out a Sousa march on some sort of steam-driven instrument of 'music'. Beyond rose the towering skeleton of a shoot-the-chutes contrivance; on my left was a huge stand glittering with gilded gingerbread; on my right sounded the sharp crack-crack of a shooting gallery; and all about me eddied and surged a crowd of flat-faced, tow-headed, big-boned men and women enjoying themselves..... good heavens!..... enjoying themselves so that a thin-blooded American turned dizzy to watch them.

"As I stood transfixed, one hulking blond girl, of eighteen or twenty, bounded from her wooden horse with a leap like a Bacchante's, and ran up to throw herself joyously into the arms of a fat woman near me,.....her aunt apparently. The two women kissed and for an instant exchanged rapid greetings. Then the girl turned back, in a panic least she lose one whirl of the magic circle. She paid her fee to the guardian, she swung one great leg over the wooden steed, she was astride, the music began to blare, the machine to revolve. Never shall I forget the face of childlike, animal-like innocent frenzy of enjoyment which she turned to the world as long as I stood to watch her,—a very Maenad of velocity.

At the shoot-the-chutes, the scene was the same,—a procession of flushed, laughing, lusty, great peasants, living hotly (and as far as I could see, quite harmlessly) with every drop of blood in their

big bodies. They gave themselves up to play with the abandon which, with us, can only be seen in great actors depicting a master emotion, or in little children living one.

"Like Mr. Wordsworth, I gazed and gazed, but, unlike him, I was quite aware what wealth the show to me had brought. In the twinkling of an eye I understood, as never before, all the kermesses of the Dutch and Flemish old masters; but, more than that, I had a sudden electrifying vision of the blessed, ever-renewed vitality of human nature. To the people who live in Bruges the Dead, it is as alive as Columbus, Ohio. Indeed, it was borne in on me as I stood, warmed and thrilled by all this ecstasy, that perhaps it is more alive, perhaps old Europe has learned how to tap deep-lying springs of life and vigor, of which our quick-running shallow American brooks know nothing.

"I had gone to Bruges to see the curious medieval architecture, to see the marvelous Van Eyck Madonna, to see the priceless Memling Shrine of St. Ursula, to see the *Chapelle du Saint Sang*, where are preserved 'some drops of the blood of our Saviour brought from the Holy Land in 1149'; to see the Hotel de Ville, perhaps the richest of all the superb Flemish town-halls; to see the quaint old *Beguinage*. As a matter of fact, though I walked about, conscientiously inspecting these treasures, any one of which is worth going across the sea to view, I had but an absent eye for them. At every return to the streets, I lost myself in the contemplation of that joy of life which filled them from brim to brim; and as the train carried me away that afternoon, I leaned long from the windows to watch the gray old city thrusting her peaked roofs and sudden up-soaring belfreys into the sunny air. It seemed to me that there hung over it, almost visibly, like heat-waves, a shimmering quiver of vitality."